

when Lord Creshy's got back, and as he entered, he saw his hair lank with new, and his face somewhat flushed and troubled. He looked round anxiously for his wife, but she was not present; and it was strange how heavily this slight disappointment sank upon his heart, weighing it down as with some great misfortune.

"What's the matter?" he said, as he sat down wearily, leaning his arm on the table near him.

No one answered, each one seeming to wait for the other to speak, and it was Mr. Layton at last who looked up from his paper to say, "I have not seen her since."

"Not I," observed Maurice. Maurice was silent.

Then Lord Creshy took up a paper, began writing a message on the back, and then the letter itself. It was while he did this, bending his head over the paper, that he said sharply, "I am afraid you will have a troublesome visitor to-morrow, Mr. Layton. Old Mr. Pydar is coming here. I saw him just now at the station, and stopped him from getting a night's sleep."

"His visit won't trouble me much," said Mr. Layton, carelessly.

"I fear it will very much," resumed his son in law, gravely. "He comes to make a personal call, and to speak to the daughter of one of those terrible people who lived at St. Egdon's Hut."

Maurice started, and half rose from his chair, while Maurice turned sharply towards her, and laid his head restrainingly on her shoulder. He listened anxiously for Mr. Layton's answer, but not a word fell from his lips.

"It appears," continued Lord Creshy, as he turned the pages of his book, with a quick, nervous hand, "that some old lady has died, and left her property to the poor people in the village who have the charge of her affairs. You can give them some information concerning her."

Again Maurice would have risen, and again Maurice's restraining hand held her back. Again, he listened, vainly for Mr. Layton's answer.

The continued silence made Lord Creshy look up, and then he saw the three faces of his listeners bent on him in strange excitement. Mr. Layton, pale at death, Maurice flushed and eager, Maurice with eyes that blazed, and lips quivering apart and quivering.

"And so," resumed Lord Creshy, more slowly, as his glance wandered from one to the other, "old Pydar, whose brother the attorney has evidently been here, has been born from you what became of the child when—when she was left alone at St. Egdon's Hut."

The effort with which he said this was visible on the hand which he passed over his forehead trembled.

"The answer to that question is easily given," said Mr. Layton, forcing his voice into calmness. "I sent the child to a distant relative—Mrs. Layton, at Lynton."

Maurice heard this with consternation, and Maurice rose decidedly, and walked forward till she stood beneath the full blast of the chandelier, where the wax lights hung their glow on her crimsoned face.

"Unfortunately," said Lord Creshy, a little dryly, "it is that very relative's executors who are searching for her, advertising for her, and writing for her, declaring she has never been seen at Lynton."

"Very well," said Mr. Layton, still calmly, "You must have been born by the way. I can tell them nothing more."

"Mr. Layton!" exclaimed Maurice.

"I will speak to you another time, Mr. Pellow," said Mr. Layton in a decided tone.

"But you will speak to me now," insisted Maurice in a ready, impulsive manner, whose clear tones rang through the room. "You will tell me tell Lord Creshy the truth; I am weary of falsehood. I cannot aid in this deception."

"Do you know anything of this master, Mr. Pydar?" asked Lord Creshy in a grave, serious tone.

"Be silent, Maurice!" exclaimed Mr. Layton. "You owe me silence. I demand it of you now."

"But you have commanded me all my life long to live beneath a lie," she remonstrated, "and I have been compelled to do so for the truth, if I do not fear the truth, why should you?"

"Do you care so much for this money?" said Mr. Layton, bending to whisper the secret in her ear. "I will double this fortune, however it may be, if you will be silent."

Maurice was stung now into bitterness; and as she stood beneath the great chandelier, with the blare of many lights falling on her, Maurice saw her cheeks burn with a red, crimson glow, and her eyes shining with maddened tears.

"Never loved me, Mr. Layton," she said, with inexpressible pallor, "but I did not know, till this moment, that you scorned me. You have offered me money to be silent. I am rather die than bear that name. Lord Creshy has been here, and I must remain another instant beneath your roof deceiving you. I am Maurice Sherborne, the daughter of that man and that woman whose miserable lives have left a shadow of shame and sorrow on the house where they dwelt. St. Egdon's Hut brings now to every mind thoughts of mystery and of crime."

The clasped hands, the bowed head, the mingled tears, the blushing face, the half-closed eyes, all told Maurice to administer and riveted his glance upon her face; thus he did not perceive that Lord Creshy was gazing at her through a hole as a spectre while Mr. Layton was pale with fear.

"You did not need me, Maurice," said Maurice, looking from the other to the master. "There is such a crush upon me that my name shocks you into silence!"

"Maurice," said Lord Creshy, in a voice so stern to make his clear and commanding tones perfectly clear, and in his eyes to events to come, "I object to a lady being forced on my wife as a companion under a false name, and on false pretences; I object to any guest being brought beneath my roof under any circumstances, and I object to her own self. I call on Mr. Layton to explain to me his reasons for such a strange course of conduct. Will you answer me, or? What have you to say to this?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. Layton, with white lips, "nothing."

"Nothing?" said Lord Creshy, hotly. "What I consider, Mr. Layton, I am sorry to say anything to pain Miss Sherborne, but you have force to speak frankly. You have chosen, with doubtful frankness,

to give your daughter a companion whose very name breathes a horror to men's hearts, but when Agatha became my wife you should have remembered that I claim a right to select her acquaintances, and I confess—without meaning the slightest unkindness to a woman whose character I much like—I would rather all living things brought her in contact with the name of Sherborne. You have done me a wrong, Mr. Layton, a cruel wrong."

"A wrong?" repeated the old man, gazing round him in a bewildered way. "Good heavens, hoist him! he says I have done him a wrong!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night!
Now is the quietest rest by night,
When the long fingers bending
Over work that seems unending,
The lamp still burns, holding
Night makes only one request—

Go to rest!
Close the eyes with slumber prest,
In the silence the silence growing
As the lamp still burns, holding
Night makes only one request—

Go to rest!
Stumber till the morning light,
Stumber till the morning light,
We are not here now, o'er him creeping,
We are in the Father's sight—

Good night!

The White Twins.

BY M. EDWARD.

There was not a handsomer or more loving young couple in the good old city of Nantes than Paul Martin and his wife Rose. When they started housekeeping they were very poor, but the persons who have the charge of her affairs say you can give them some information concerning her."

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"It is of no use to sit down and cry over your eyes," said Paul, "and we have had a good many tears, but we have got over our sorrows."

"We must look into our money box. Rose, if there is not enough to repair the damage, and carry us on till the autumn, why, we will hire myself out as a day-laborer. Like many of my brothers, and we will start another business when we have laid by a little."

They set to work to examine this affair, and both agreed that it would be the height of folly to run into any more expense, so they had something to do.

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Paul and his wife expressed themselves rapturously over their beauty.

"I love them almost as if they were my children. I assure you," continued the officer, "they are so like each other I call them the White Twins. I should never have brought them over with me, but that I intended to have them with me, so I thought it best to bring them in contact with a harsh master. Besides they are as you know well enough, my good Paul—like all Arab horses, the easiest yet the most difficult things to manage. But you are not to be afraid, my master, that I have no fear of leaving them with you."

Paul and Rose looked at each other, and then at their visitor with an expression of amazement.

"All I see is not yet explained myself, but I will well understand, said the captain. "Well, this is my errand. I have heard of your misfortunes and, as I have said, have always wished to do you a good turn. You shall take the horse and set yourself up as a horse-trader. Take my word, if they do, as on my return from Cochinchina there shall be paid me six hundred dollars. But don't be alarmed; it is no debt, you know; you are a horse trader, so you can be paid off; you have made six times as much as you paid for him."

"Thank you, my captain—be gan Paul, overwhelmed.

"Well, a moment. There is one condition, however, you will have to agree to, and that is to come to me now to-morrow, and to bring him with you."

"Good night!"

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undertakes to manage him, and there is not a more splendid animal to look at in all France, even now."

"Put him in a little brougham by himself," said another; and so all gave their advice, but Paul Martin knew better. He understood Silvercloud and determined to take him.

"Then best done me good service enough," he said, caressing him even more affectionately than in former days. "I would rather starve than pay six hundred dollars a month."

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STANFIELD.

By CECIL MAXWELL LYNN.

There is a tender note that tips the first young trembling beauty in their notes when young birds learn to sing; a picture of the mother; Jesus has added me to another way, though—you do not ask about the Keep."

"I have been putting it off," she replied, sitting down again on the couch. "The thought of it frightens me."

"Alice, as sure as that we are here. Whether the world has found out anything for himself, or whether he has been put on the scent by others. I can't say. I think the latter for if he had watched you to the Keep he would certainly have pounced upon you."

"But how did you learn anything at all?"

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The scene that really blows about their beauty ring.

Is sweet, but cannot with the breath of death there bloom a gentle love in life.

That fills the breast with feelings one can never hope to share.

POMEROY ABBEY.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "KANT LYNN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

She was not feeling well, she told her mother in the afternoon. She told her husband so, making a merit of the news, and he was very sorry for her, but could not help it. She should get them to excuse her at the dinner table; sick of the continual fuming, weary after the exertion of playing hostess to so many guests, she should enjoy a cup of tea for her own pleasure. Her mother could, perhaps, go to bed; and her mother could head the table for once for Guy and the two or three men who remained. No opposition was in that made by her mother or the lord, and all things seemed to go on smoothly.

Evening came. Diana was again laid in the state banqueting hall below, though so few would this time partake of it, and when they were seated easily at table, Mrs. Wyke facing Guy, Alice's time was come.

Trembling and shaking, not so much at the evil drift of what she was doing, as at the thought of penetrating by dark—or rather by moonlight, for the moon shone full and bright to the west tower and Diana's chamber room in it. Mrs. Pomery prepared to set forth.

Quitting her apartment, watching her opportunities so that she might escape the eyes of servants, sheltering herself in a corner of the room, Mrs. Pomery got slowly back into the cloister, and thence into the north wing. The north tower door stood open for her, she ascended its stairs, and was speedily at the west wing. Whether she would have had courage to go through the rooms alone remained to be seen; for there, at the top of the stairs, stood Rupert.

"Where's Guy?" he whispered, as he took her hand in greeting; and the anxious question proved that he was not easy to be deceived.

"At dinner in the banqueting hall. I told him I was ill and could not go down. He thinks no doubt, that I am sulky."

Rupert descended to lock the door, and make all secure, but as they went on into the next room, she showed that he was obliged to hold her. She was not easy, either.

"Rupert, this is what I ought not to do, and I would not have come had I known how easy it was. But I am so terribly anxious about the Keep. I have no more time since that first note of yours, and I wanted to ask you what had happened. Oh dear! must we go into that haunted chamber?"

"It will be pleasant for you to wait upon the door of it," he answered, pushing aside the door.

"The moonlight shone into the chamber, revealing its ghastliness and ghastly enough it looked by this light to the imagination of Mrs. Pomery. The door on the mysterious piazza, and the stone steps leading up to the tower, were all in shadow, and the moonlight held the candle too close.

"Whether the canvas was damp, or whether it was in a degree fireproof, or whether the spirit of the sun was present to protect the picture, I do not know. All things considered, it had been well done, and I wanted to ask you what had happened. Oh dear! must we go into that haunted chamber?"

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"Why do I say it? I have enough to make me sigh, with one thing and another. And I am in mortal dread of Guy's finding out that I met you. I have been out all day, and I wanted to ask you what had happened that he wore black clothes."

"Aye, at Knothorn. I had to come away at the second course."

"He bid you manage to get up here," she exclaimed, sitting down on the old velvet covered couch. "How many of the servants saw you pass the corridor?"

"Not one either last night or to night. They did not see me, and, if they did, they could not have known me. Look here."

He suddenly enveloped himself in a friar's gray cloak, throwing the capacious hood over his head, so as to conceal his face entirely.

"I was worn out. I got Father Andrew to lend this cloak to me yesterday," he continued, turning himself round in the moonlight for Mrs. Pomery's inspection.

"I wanted to know what midnight companion I had made."

"Caution, Alice. The moon is bright, and your face might be discerned here, from the clouds. If she had not been under the dark clouds last night, you might have seen mine."

"I thought it utterly impossible that you could get here. I thought you must have made some great error. How did you get the key?"

Mrs. Pomery stole his lips towards her ear. "Picked them! Stopped aside to Jerome's closet-sanctum, and slipped them. Lock favored me; it often has. I had bad promises of them from last night to this."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Rupert!" she suddenly exclaimed, a light breaking in upon her. "Jerome has aided you to come here!"

"No, he has not. Not a soul has aided me, save Father Andrew in the case of the melancholy Jerome has aided me in another way, though—you do not ask about the Keep."

"I have been putting it off," she replied, sitting down again on the couch. "The thought of it frightens me."

"Alice, as sure as that we are here. Whether the world has found out anything for himself, or whether he has been put on the scent by others. I can't say. I think the latter for if he had watched you to the Keep he would certainly have pounced upon you."

"But how did you learn anything at all?"

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stood ajar. Mrs. Pomery flew out, sank down on one of the green benches of the quadriga, clasped its arms tightly, and said to whom it was—it just as we clasp the arms of a friend for protection on waking from a terrific dream.

Trembling, moaning, cowering, feeling that to die would be a mercy; even the wainscot, which had received the ball, she could easy, had with it been her own bane! "Alice, as sure as that we are here. Whether the world has found out anything for himself, or whether he has been put on the scent by others. I can't say. I think the latter for if he had watched you to the Keep he would certainly have pounced upon you."

"I have been putting it off," she replied, sitting down again on the couch. "The thought of it frightens me."

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foul deed has been done; and that cloak is the only clue we possess at present to its apparent perpetrator. You must state to me who he is, and I will be sure to whom lent it."

"Hush!—Alice!—He came to me yesterday and borrowed it."

There was a pause of dismay, and poor Father Andrew, who had spoken unwillingly in his allegiance to the Pomerys, was still silent.

The public commotion was without parallel. Nothing like it had ever stirred up such a scene before.

"I have in any particular master. If he should refuse me in this, I will be sure to whom lent it."

"Hush!—Alice!—He came to me yesterday and borrowed it."

LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES

Be kind to each other for the time is departing. It is not the sense of one we see not the May. Give not the thoughts of old injuries to-day.

The short, too short, is the time that is fleeting. For man to nurse anger and wrath in his given time to each friend and each brother a wrong. And give double portion to him that's not best.

Let by-gones be by-gones. What rocks it that?

Last year was the rose by the thunder-storm's dart! The rose was white buds as a token. That thought she was white yet sound is her heart.

Learn ye from the flower that sweet is the love. Of him who forgoes his enemy's tree For turneth to friend and in spirit low.

Flowers forth a new rose from the storm-striken briar.

A Dangerous Bouquet.

BY E. S. D.

One year—not so long ago either—I took it into my harum-scarum head to grow from Vienna—where I was—to a certain town in Poland, into which rather an extra Russian soldier had been thrown in consequence of some rumors of discontent or a possible conspiracy among the natives.

I knew an attack of the Russian Emperor, who gave me a letter of introduction to a count of his own in Warsaw; and armed with that, I departed, arriving at the Polish town of Warsaw—gained time—plenty of balls, dances, and pretty women to flirt with, which was very gay.

I took my Russian friend one night, at a grand ball given by the commandant, if there had been any more heard of the rumored Polish conspiracy.

"Well," replied Baron Orlandish, stroking his mustache, "I rather think that our friend is a very considerate and despatched plan, of course it will be found out, and all consequences will be to Siberia or elsewhere. I suppose now, Mr. de L'Orme, all you English sympathize with those Polish rebels, eh?"

"I do. Some do, and some don't care, it has nothing to do with me. But, though I suppose it is natural for them to prefer independence; on my honor it is nothing to me."

As I turned slightly I caught a glance, half a smile, from a young man, from a pair of splendid dark eyes as she and her chaperone—an ugly old lady—passed on, turned to my companion.

"My dear Baron, who is that deuced handsome girl? I have never seen her before."

"No. She cannot often get her cross, hypochondriac old aunts to let her out. There was a foolish gossip when she first came here some months back, that she was married at sixteen to a foreigner and deserted, but I think her uncle, the Governor of Poland, has practically a claim on her."

"Ah, then she is a Russian?" I said, not sorry to hear this denial of the girl.

"Well, yes and no. Her father was a Polish noble, who settled in St. Peters burg, and was one of the youngest states of Count Mervenich, our Governor, who is, by the way, stopped at the next town, so near that he will be there when you see us therefrom, the Governor of Poland, is practically a Russian."

"Pray, sir, do me the great favor to present me to her."

The good-natured old Baron agreed at once, remarking, as we moved forward: "Of course she has heard of you, the handsome Englishman, by this time. Ah, Mademoiselle, permits me the honor?"

I was formal, but I had to both suit and grace. I did the polite for her to Mademoiselle Scholzofella, and then, as we struck up one of those German waltzes that make one's feet go, begged the honor of her hand at once.

"Love, love, love," she said, anchoring me to the end of three waltzes, "I will, I will, I will, as I whirled her lightly away amongst the gay crowd."

The fact was, I was a foreigner, not an English dancer, for I had been a good deal abroad, and in the German capitals, so had no first a favorite as a waltzer, so I had no idea of the Polish Fö's dictum, especially as German and Fö's nearly go mad about waltzing.

"Now, my sentence," I said, stopping over her, as later on ended the third waltz, which my impudence had won.

"Ah, Monsieur, it is perfect," he said enthusiastically. "He dances like a god."

"Not a very good Russian compliment, and Mademoiselle condescends me to say for a fourth?" said Albert de L'Orme, says me."

She laughed, colored, and said, with a flush of her bright eyes: "Upon my word, you are an impudent Englishman. No, Monsieur, do not be a slight favor, if you will add laughing, drawing me I hardly noticed how far, into the beautiful company of the girls."

"If? Heaven! Mademoiselle, could a de L'Orme refuse his life if beauty asked it?"

"I shall not, I hope, demand so much," she answered quickly, and began gathering a few seconds, then gently selecting them—such, I suppose, as pleased her best; but I confess that she had the fairest flower of all, engraven my heart, the flower that I had so longed against a light pillar watching her graceful movements.

In five minutes we came back to me with a tiny bouquet in her hand, and for one moment paused, gazing into my very eyes; a wistful, scanning, appealing look, that made my own grow earnest, and my heart beat fast. There was something here deeper than a mere ball room, when.

"Dare I still hope to be honored with Mademoiselle's trust?" I said, bending down with a grave smile. "I am a strong, a daring, a reckless fellow, but no man, still less no woman, ever yet trusted Albert de L'Orme, and found him wanting."

"I believe that," she said earnestly, "I will, if you think me bold—can I touch the sweet, quivering lips."

"A thousand pardons, Mademoiselle, but while your eyes read me so truly, mine read you with equal truth; so much thought could possibly cross me, nothing unworthy the most pure and exquisite womanhood."

could possibly attack to Zou Letzakka. Tell me, I may serve you."

Her beautiful eyes were full of tears as she glanced round and whispered a little hurriedly: "Bend down lower," her delicate lips were busy fastening the few flowers in my hand in place of those I had worn. "Wear these until the ball is over, and then, instead of going to your hotel—do you know a little red house not far from the northern outlet, the one that is haunted?"

"I know it, somewhere; it is not very far—just beyond where the old camp-roads have been."

"That is it. Go there, tap gently, and for the love of Heaven, let no living human being see or follow you—and give the flowers, when ever you answer the summons. Say nothing in my token will tell that Zou is faithful. And if the night patrol, or anyone else should challenge

"Of course," said I promptly, "my honor."

"I think they are," she answered with a keen look. "Ah, how can I ever trust you for your generosity—your service?"

"Mademoiselle, by permitting me the honor of waiting on you to-morrow."

He had waited impatiently, and then taking my arm, said: "If Monsieur, this evening is the time my aunt prefers. Now let me take me back. I have troubled you long enough."

Of course I made a gallant excuse, pretty speeches always tripped off my tongue readily enough, but this time I had a fool I was—"why should I care?" because this was all evidently a love affair of beautiful Zou.

"Come, come, it was—must—must."

"Ah, to you, I'm a week fool," said I to myself, in my heart, "but I have a week to myself."

I reached for the cottage unoccupied, saved by a weary old man, to know, however, and delivered my message to his wife, and I was off again, to an old fellow who looked like a Polish Jew, and walked back to my hotel.

The next evening found me wading my way to a queer, lonely old house just outside the town. When I entered the drawing-room, the moment I saw that Madame Scholzofella was here, more hospitably than before, I knew that she was another's right, and Albert too had a lover.

"Come, come, we must make our escape be-fore the servants come."

She left me to the old man, who had wrapped me, as soon returned, and told me he was wrapped in costly furs, and told me he was a good soul, though he was asleep. Giving me a kiss, she led the way by a side exit to the stable, from whence I soon selected and saddled two strong horses, used, Zou said, to the hard, frozen, winter road. So in that dark midnight hour, in the bitter cold of an early Polish winter, we fled.

It was for my life and honor.

My poor Zou was hard for us to be forced to separate, kindred, and people, and country, and take refuge with strangers.

Leaving the stable, we were soon in the stable, hard, frozen, winter road. So in that dark midnight hour, in the bitter cold of an early Polish winter, we fled.

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Leaving the stable, we were soon in the stable, hard, frozen, winter road. So in that dark midnight hour, in the bitter cold of an early Polish winter, we fled.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



Unproven Courage.

On a lovely moonlight night in the middle of June, a light carriage drove down a grand avenue of lime and birch trees that led to the residence of the Duke of Lironis. Harness bells which there serve to distinguish between post carriages and private ones, broke the silence merely.

The carriage sat, or rather stood, a boy of fifteen, whose eyes were intently fixed on the house in front of him, eagerly watching for some sign that his coming was noticed, or for the sight of a familiar face. And not in vain, for the sound of bells reached the ears of the boy, and he knew that his master had time to draw up at the door, an old servant stood there waiting to greet Oscar with a smiling face of welcome.

"Can I believe my eyes, young sir? It is not you who have arrived this late, but your master giving notice of your coming? Can it indeed be you, Master Oscar?"

"Yes, Petrushka, I am really myself. Do you think it likely that I should stop away at school a moment longer than I intended to? Not I. I have had the whole day better sooner than we expected. But, I say, is there no one at home?"

"No one, but the servants. Your father, the Baron, has not yet come back from Riga, and the Baroness has gone away, for several days, on a visit in the neighborhood."

"What! My father and mother away, and all four carriage horses out too. But I suppose that my dear old pony is in the stable anyhow. Tell me, how is Tuckum the fat gettin' on—and the gray mare, too? And how is the collar? I might be fit to light work by this time."

Thus eagerly inquiring after everything that seemed most lovely to his boyish heart, the harness, well built lad walked into the old hall; a large low room decorated with a large round table, and a round and round on the like. Like a round making a bed, and evidently meant to make it quite comfortable and curl it self up for a good night's rest.

The boy searched at all these proceedings with a kind of awe, and after having again made sure that his ears were securely locked out, he rushed to the bell and rang it violently for help.

It was a long time before anyone came to answer the bell, but at last Petrushka heard the fat Tuckum coming round and round on the like. Like a round making a bed, and evidently meant to make it quite comfortable and curl it self up for a good night's rest.

The pony stopped at the door, wondering all things to run out to the stable and give a kick, and then having again made sure that his ears were securely locked out, he rushed to the bell and rang it violently for help.

"It is a miracle that you did not find me dead!" and he poured forth in glowing language a vivid account of all the horrors he had not seen since his last summer holidays.

"It is not so late, Petrushka. I should like above all things to run out to the stable and give a kick, and then having again made sure that his ears were securely locked out, he rushed to the bell and rang it violently for help.

"It is a miracle that you did not find me dead!" and he poured forth in glowing language a vivid account of all the horrors he had not seen since his last summer holidays.

For some time they stood there talking and at length the old nurse turned to go, but Oscar hung back, listening to the nightingales, whose voices gave a mysterious life to the deep stillness around. He waited there, looking at the weird light of the moon, and the bright cold stars, and the stars of the horizon, but at length went into his own room. When he got there he sat on the edge of his bed and opened his heart to his old nurse and friend.

He told her that he was now in the second year of his studies, and that he would be over in two years and a half. "And then them?" cried he, his eyes bright with excitement. "I will go into the cavalry. What a glorious life it must be when one can ride every day! But I must break out, and if I feel an inward certainty that I shall distinguish myself in it. But be sure of this, until I have accomplished something that my father and everyone shall be proud of, until I have become a really educated man, never will I sit down in ease and pleasure under my ancestral roof-tree!"

"For heaven's sake, my dear young master, do not talk of war. Your good mother, and all of us, would be ready to die for you, but we are not fit to die in a danger and far away. We have only to see how well you sit a horse, and to know how kindly you deal with the servants and laborers, in order to be assured of your courage. You need not kill a lot of people to prove us of that."

"Petruška, you are wrong. Unproven courage is no courage at all," cried Oscar, stretching himself on his bed. "You have often said that I am kind-hearted, but I can tell you that if anyone ever dared to handle me, I should never rest until I had taken full vengeance on all."

"Dear, dear young master, how can you have such wicked and terrible ideas in your head, and on the first evening of your return home, too? You should rather be thinking of returning them to me. Unproven courage is no courage at all, but all true courage comes from true and good."

With this Petrushka shut the door, and five minutes later Oscar was in a dark room, his body dissolved now and then by dreams of the flying sword, which he pursued on a coal-black steel, and struck down without mercy or pity.

Suddenly he was awakened by a strange noise. He rubbed his eyes. Was it a noise? No, he was quite sure he was awake. Again that very odd noise. Some one seemed to be pressing heavily on the latch of the door, and grumbling and grunting at it in a very odd way. The noise seemed to press harder and harder, and the fastening, at last the door burst open.

Oscar knew that he was alone on this floor—all the servants slept below. He felt his blood run cold, in spite of the dreams of heroic courage which his imagination had painted in such lively colors a short time ago.

But what on earth was it that he saw coming in?

An enormous bear, clear visible in the bright summer night, strode very solemnly into the room; it stood over the bed, and lay down, growling lowly to itself and growling lowly from side to side. It looked and sniffed about as if searching for some

thing, and then softly and cautiously took the coverlet off Oscar's bed.

His hair stood on end with terror, and heads of cold sweat broke on his forehead as the monster came nearer and nearer.

Even smaller grew the space between him and the monster. Thoughts raced with lightning through the boy's feverish brain. In a few moments all the stories he had ever heard about bears came into his head, how men had escaped from their deadly embrace by shutting their eyes, and holding their breath as though it were life. But now there was only a pace between him and the growing beast, and, shuddering and trembling, he watched the bear raise itself up and stretch out its huge paws towards the bed. He shut his eyes, and, shutting his eyes, he scattered to the wind the poor boy, his head like lightning under the bedclothes.

But what did it mean? He felt nothing, no deadly clutch of those savage looking bare paws. Through the boy's feverish brain, thoughts of love were likely to fly. They seldom stop near home. To be sure Adam seems to have set a good example for his descendants in regard to choosing a wife, but Adam's eldest son Cain went to the land of Nod, and Cain with that from day to day the average young man thinks and believes that he must wander far in search of a wife.

I have often wondered whether those men of the land of Nod were more beautiful and more attractive than those who lived near Cain's own home, or whether the maidens who knew Cain and his family objected to uniting themselves with such a person.

If only Cain had been more explicit in regard to the master. He seems to have made out well, probably married a rich wife, as it is related that when Noah's eldest son, was born, he built a city and he built the city "after the name of Noah."

Cain was the ancestor of all such as dwell in tents and have cattle, of all musicians and of all artificers in brass and iron. There seems to be no good reason why he should not be exalted or most of his descendants.

Samson too went down to Timnah and while there saw a daughter of one of the Philistines. "And he came up and told his father and his mother, and said to his father, 'I have seen a woman in Timnah, and she is fairer than all the daughters of the daughters of my people.'"

"Ow! Petrushka, I have passed such a terrible night!" cried the excited boy. "It is a miracle that you did not find me dead!" and he poured forth in glowing language a vivid account of all the horrors he had not seen since his last summer holidays.

"It is not so late, Petrushka. I should like above all things to run out to the stable and give a kick, and then having again made sure that his ears were securely locked out, he rushed to the bell and rang it violently for help.

Then there was Jacob, he was travel for and worked hard fourteen years for Rachel.

Probably if there had been a girl just as handsome and twice as good within a stone throw of home he would not have thought of her.

Even King Solomon, that wise man, "loved many strange women together with the daughter of Pharaoh." He had seven hundred wives, "women of the Moabites, Ammonites, Edomites, Zidonians and Hittites."

The poets have noticed this of young men to wander far in search of a wife.

Tennyson romances upon it in his poem of "Dora."

"I cannot marry Dora, by my life, I will not marry Dora."

Again, in the poem of "The Sleeping Beauty," after the Princess has slept for a hundred years the Fairy Prince, who is the son of the King Solomon, wakes her up.

Samson listened attentively at first, but gradually ananned expression arose over his face, and at last she could tell herself that the Fairy Prince, who is the son of the King Solomon, wakes her up.

"He travels far from other skins—A tiger, a wolf, or a bear—A lion, a tiger, a bear."

He sees the bones and bodies of others scattered about near the thorny edge but—

"The proverbs flash through his head, 'The proverbs flash through his head.'

"Of course he succeeds, for he is 'the one.'

Longfellow, in his poem "Hiawatha," has beautifully referred to this regard of "strange women."

His grandmother attempts to give him a little advice.

"Was a master of many people."

"Was a master of many people."

"Was not unfeared, go not westward."

"Was not unfeared, go not westward."

"Like a fire upon the heartstone daughter."

"Like a

BE CALM, OH HEART, BE CALM!

BY DR. GIBERT.

When days that bring adversity are dark and heavy, when sorrow's cup is running over, and every hope has fled; the heart is weary and in yet to bear; when a halo of brightness is not in the dark hour—be brave, be strong, be calm.

When friend's eyes are broken, and a love's traitor torn; when friends are suddenly scattered, and the world is torn; when the sun, and the tumult; a far we go the pain; but still, still, still, the calm, oh heart, be calm!

SYLVIA;

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER XXI.—(CONTINUED.)

Miss Bertie was a small but very pretty girl of about fifteen, a good-looking girl with the dark and golden hair of color belonging to a beauty of that order; her little teeth were of the whitest enamel, her ripe lips pouting, her eyes—well, I hardly敢 give a glance at them then, for they were down instantly, and the long fingers lay heavily over the heavy damask check.

"Melancholy," I decided mentally, the downcast eyes, the weary drooping corners of the mouth, and those sadly sellen contraction of the raised brows leading me to that conclusion. Hardly noticing again that she had been suddenly and silently evading the Doctor's blandishments, she slipped past us to a seat on a sofa which stood in a corner of the room, and leaning her head on her hand, said, "I am not in the well-being of the world." After chatting for a few moments with me, giving her meanwhile the benefit of some very quiet observations the Doctor left us alone. I was working; Miss Bertie sat as before, looking on the floor. I knew that melancholy was often the best possible position for hours; on finding her indisposed to talk, I let her be, and contented myself.

After a little time, as she composed so quiet, I forgot her very presence; my work dropped out of my hands, and my eyes were closed. I was not aware that she knew what attraction suddenly drew them back to her, but, once attracted, they were riveted.

I must surely have made a mistake about her melancholy. Why, the large, dark, heavy eyes were continually heavy with sadness; her bright open look as clear as daylight, and fixed, not solemnly, but intently, unflinchingly upon me; I stared back as steadily; then appeared one or two dimples which pressed her ripe lips together to get rid of, and suddenly she burst into a fit of tears.

"I am an artist," she cried; "and I'll take my oath you are no more mad than I am!"

Perhaps some persons may suppose that to be an extraordinary speech to come from a human; but, if so, they are wrong.

There was not a human more frequently heard from the insane than "I am not mad," or "of one one else." "He is quite mad." So that did not startle me—but the expression of the face and eyes did.

At the end of a few moments of dimples drawn again. As I conjectured they were out of place, she struggled to dispense them, but some sense of the ludicrous was too strong for her; downward rain flashed into her eyes, she dropped her desultory strangle, and shaking up her eyes, her melancholy eyes, her mother's eyes to stiffen the strand of her mirth, she laughed in her arms, weeping copiously.

"Mrs. Crawford and Mr. Gilbert—my mother and uncle, I do not know the other gentlemen." I answered promptly, hurrying up to my mother, who clasped her hands in her arms, weeping copiously.

"I came voluntarily into this asylum, with my father's consent, on purpose to see you."

"You are not a patient?"

"No and you. Have you ever heard of Miss Gilbert?"

"Gilbert?" I caught her hand. "You come from no mother? How is she?"

"She is not unfriendly, but a bony, cold, sharp-tempered woman, with a curl of sour lips and a red-arched lip; I let out curiously re-paled. "You do not know who arranged my coming; you do not seem anxious to learn if I am really mad—I may be; but tell me."

"Mad?" I gasped gravely. "No, thank Heaven, not now!"

She looked serious enough at this, earnest, but not melancholy. We stood and gazed at each other.

"I came voluntarily into this asylum, with my father's consent, on purpose to see you."

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"Mad?" I gasped gravely. "No, thank Heaven, not now!"

She was not a star on my name through the name of the man who had been, however unwittingly, the cause of so much misery.

"Do try to conquer that feeling," urged my companion, laying her hand upon mine and speaking with great earnestness. "I know a good deal of the past; and his greatest fault is that you must feel that you owe me—no, not me, but him. If that thought does not help him to his better self, then remaining unanswered long past the usual time—the possibility of delay in getting his sanction for her removal, I can see."

"There had been nothing in the past to appeal the Doctor, I think my deliverer would have retired without but some painful mystery made him afraid of drawing unwelcome attention to his establishment and his wife." He pattered a little, and then gravely.

"The lady is better, I acknowledge, but I am not bound to restore her to you; still, under the circumstances of her arrival, I could not help it. If she had been more, have seen how indefatigable he has been in tracing you, how he has stayed to see things right, I know you would forgive him."

"I am silent, my hands covering my eyes for a little while, and then I turned to her."

"Lisa—I shall call you so at once—if I am permitted to leave this place, I mean to lead a different life from the selfish one I have had; and I trust it will be no part in its scheme to cherish present merit."

She drew off a little.

"I diners what he has described," she said, looking gravely into my face; "he can't understand, and I think it will be hard to him to see that my child has been here, with a compunction no doubt of its own."

"You have a beautiful complexion," I acknowledged quietly, but I felt it chilling that the first moments of our

"Lisa," I murmured, impelled to sudden confidence. "I had one friend, I gave him all I had to give; it will be his all I die. Can I answer you?"

"For all answer she clung to me. "And now?" I said in a livelier tone, "when friends are rarely found; when there is no one to turn to in the dark hour?"

"When friend's eyes are broken, and a love's traitor torn; when friends are suddenly scattered, and the world is torn; when the sun, and the tumult; a far we go the pain; but still, still, still, the calm, oh heart, be calm!"

reunion should be spent in discussing complications.

CHAPTER XXII.

I went with my mother and uncle for a few days to a peaceful little village some miles from my late prison, where we were met by Lord Townes-court.

It was a strange, old meeting—we were both deeply affected—but I was glad to have him when the first interview was over, for he was fit, and we were friendly for life without the possibility of any mistake again. He said one thing which struck me peculiar.

"With Heaven's help, I will give you cause to rejoice and not mourn that I crossed your path."

"I am not so well-versed, Lisa," I said solemnly "however, well, you may know me, it will suffice no meditation between Dennis and myself."

"I am the last person to dare to interfere between you," he answered as earnestly as I.

It was a relief to turn to the subject of Lisa's unselfishness her bright modesty, her quick resource.

I think she understood the position, I think she never did, but I had arranged the plan—I thought—I thought it "awful risk for her, but she was burning to sacrifice herself, if need were, in my service. I'd sooner trust that quick-witted girl than his as he had.

"She is a wonderful girl," I said warmly.

"She is a plucky, bright hearted little creature, very fond of Lisa."

He spoke like an affectionate brother and long to get her back were free from the shyness and reserve of a warmer past.

The next instant she informed me that she had planned for him, it struck me that the delight of aiding him might have seemed her benevolent effort for me. He was a very handsome young man, better looking than ever, now that his bad looks had deprived him of his boyish look, and given more stability to his aspect.

"She is a wonderful girl," I said warmly.

"She is a plucky, bright hearted little creature, very fond of Lisa."

He spoke like an affectionate brother and long to get her back were free from the shyness and reserve of a warmer past.

Her mothering the eloquence with which she had planned for him, it struck me that the delight of aiding him might have seemed her benevolent effort for me. He was a very handsome young man, better looking than ever, now that his bad looks had deprived him of his boyish look, and given more stability to his aspect.

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In a few days Lord Townes-court released Miss Bertie, and that young woman returned to us with triumph, and with a wonderful collection of sketches and studies made in the asylum, which she declared would be useful to her in art.

I know to my little cousin, she was the quietest, most fascinating girl I had ever met, bright original, graceful, as crocky and independent a young damsel as the nineteenth century has produced, with all the vagaries of the time. Still she didn't want to be a professional, though she developed themselves on the occupant of the room—Doctor Pratt, with an odd look of doubt and crossed purpose on his face, a thin short man in black, a stout, pompous looking clergymen, and my father.

"I am not in the least bit attracted by them," she said, "but I am a good deal attracted by you."

"I am an artist," she cried; "and I'll take my oath you are no more mad than I am!"

Her mothering the eloquence with which she had planned for him, it struck me that the delight of aiding him might have seemed her benevolent effort for me. He was a very handsome young man, better looking than ever, now that his bad looks had deprived him of his boyish look, and given more stability to his aspect.

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He spoke like an affectionate brother and long to get her back were free from the shyness and reserve of a warmer past.

Her mothering the eloquence with which she had planned for him, it struck me that the delight of aiding him might have seemed her benevolent effort for me. He was a very handsome young man, better looking than ever, now that his bad looks had deprived him of his boyish look, and given more stability to his aspect.

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